



## TO THE OLD YEAR.

Good-by, Old Year!  
While others ring  
The New Year in, and loudly sing  
Of what delight and peace I will bring,  
I bid thee now a fond farewell—  
Good-by, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!  
While others raise  
To thy successor hymns of praise,  
I'll thank thee for the by-gone days.  
Many a blessing hast thou brought,  
Many a sacred truth hast taught;  
Fruitful changes have been wrought  
By thee, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!  
Should I alone  
Remember thee when thou art gone,  
I'll thank thee for the good thou'st done.  
The world forgets the absent friend;  
To each new-comer doth it bend,  
And casts it off when near the end,  
Like thee, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!  
Dost thou forget  
How men with joy thy advent met?  
That praise the New Year hath; but yet,  
When once again thy reign is o'er,  
The world it may be, as before,  
Will leave me to my own once more,  
Good-by, Old Year!

—Harper's Young People.

## CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.



ACK was the dearest, roundest, rosiest little lad imaginable. He was a picture of happy childhood that afternoon, three days before Christmas, when, in his smart coat, trimmed in the most delightful military fashion with bands of Persian lamb and black frogs, and his jaunty cap set on fair hair, and his fat feet into the park with his sled for a romp. He ran and shouted and pranced until his eyes glowed like stars and his cheeks shown like apples, and everybody hands protected by fur-trimmed gloves he who saw him said: "What a handsome boy!"

Jack, of course, was looking forward to Christmas, just as every boy and girl who reads this is looking forward to that day of all days. He expected to have all sorts of fine things in his stocking, and with very good reason, for Santa Claus had never neglected him. Jack's father was rich. Grandmother, who was rich, was coming to spend the holidays, and Santa Claus had been telephoned on the subject of skates, drums, swords, guns, and sweetmeats, and there was every prospect that when he called at Jack's home his sleigh would be very full indeed.

Jack was like all boys who have no brothers and sisters, a trifle selfish. But he was a manly, kind-hearted little chap for all that, and so, when he was through with his play and was dragging his sled homeward and came upon a scene on a street-corner which aroused his sympathy, he paused to find out what it meant.

A crowd of rough boys were tormenting a poorly clad little girl, whose wan, haggard face spoke too plainly of misery and poverty. She was frightened and almost crying as Jack came up.

"Here, now!" said Jack, with sturdy determination, "you stop that or I'll call a policeman."

Fortunately, at that moment, a blue-coated officer came in sight, and the hoodlums fled with one wild departing yell.

"Thank you," said the little girl, timidly, "those boys allus are picking on me."

"What's your name?" asked Jack.

"Susie Green," said Jack, with an air of business, "you look cold and sick."

"I ain't very strong—"

"And hungry," continued Jack.



HE STOPPED TO COMFORT HER.

Susie burst into tears.

"That was enough for Jack."

"Get right on my sled," said he, determinedly, "and I'll take you down to my house, and you'll have something to eat."

Susie obeyed, and the officer saw with grim pleasure the young heir to Mr. Newton's millions dragging off the little waif to his home, a block away.

"He do be a fine child, he do be," remarked Policeman Mulvaney.

Jack took Susie into the kitchen, and gave orders she should be fed forthwith. Then he hurried up to his mother's room. She was there with his grandmother, and in a few words he told them about the little girl he had rescued.

"She's poor and hungry, and she's got no decent clothes. Mamma, can't you fix her up?"

His mother looked at him a moment, then asked, quietly: "Jack, would you rather have this little girl made comfortable or have a big Christmas yourself?"

Jack hesitated. He thought of all these presents he was expecting; then he thought of Susie's thin dress and bursting shoes.

"You can take the money you were going to spend on my Christmas and fix her up," he bravely said. Then his grandmother, a stately old lady, in black satin and white lace cap, called him to her and kissed him, with tears in her eyes.

Jack sat bolt upright in bed, and rubbed his eyes very hard. No, he was not asleep. There was the open fire, there

his clothes on the chair, there the door into his mother's room.

It was Christmas Eve. Jack had not hung up his stockings, for he did not expect any presents. Susie had been warmly clothed and her wretched home had been brightened by the visit of Jack and his mother. The boy was satisfied. He had made his choice, and expected to abide by it.

But, marvelous to relate, as he looked toward the fire, he saw a crowd of tiny people hurrying and fussing about on the fur rug before the fire. Three or four had a miniature ladder which they were putting up against the side of the fireplace. Several others had hold of one of Jack's long stockings. When the ladder was in place, a little man, with elish eyes and spider-like legs, climbed the ladder, dragging Jack's stocking after him, and

himself. Jack knew him directly from his pictures. He examined the stocking attentively.

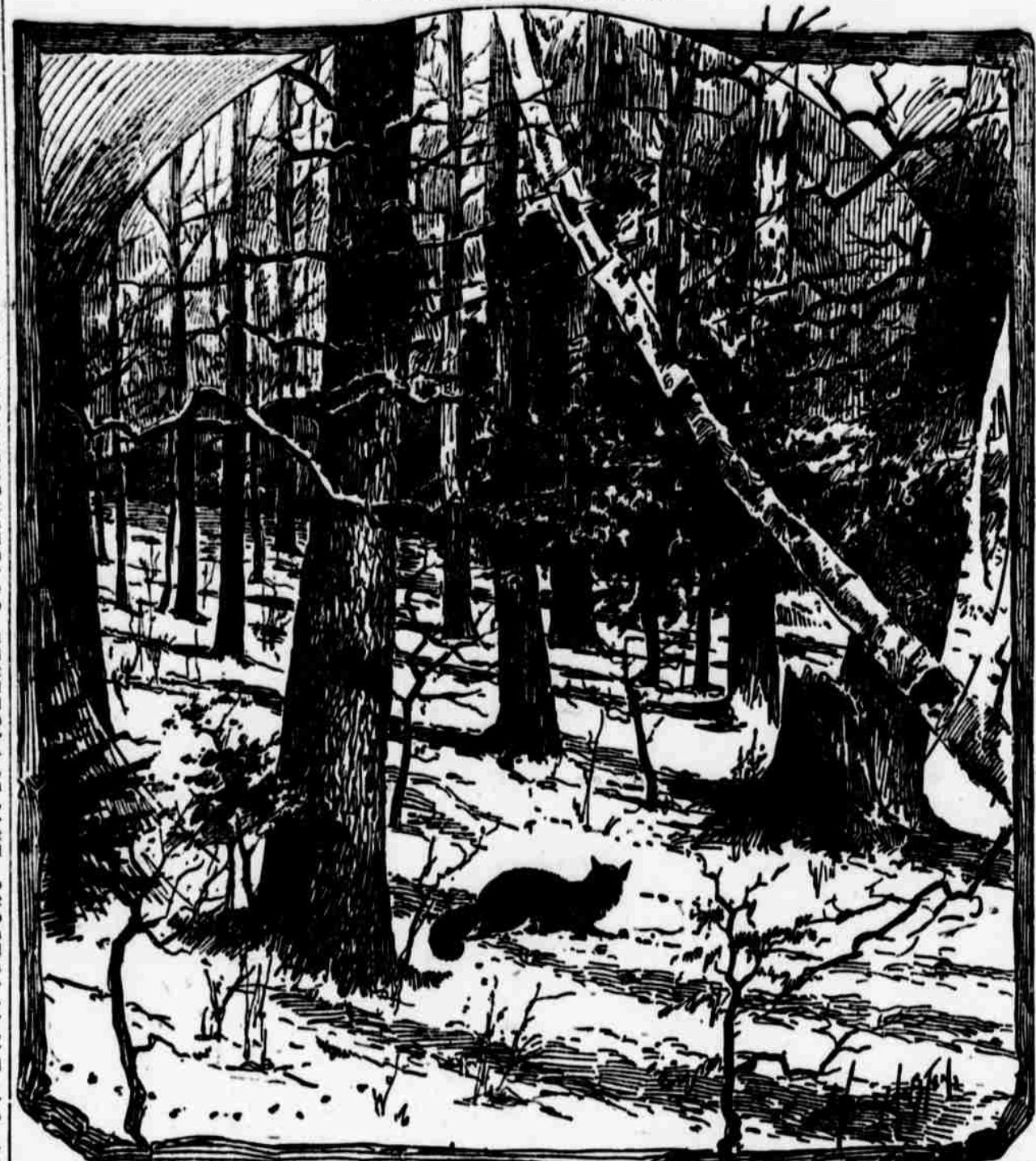
"So they've been here ahead of me!" he observed. "That's a great idea! I never was left before. Well, no matter! There are a few things they've forgotten. Here are the skates, the games, the box of caramels, the books," and as he talked he piled the packages up on a table near the fireplace.

Jack's eyes were so heavy he couldn't hold them open. He shut them for an instant, and when he opened them again it was Christmas morning.

He sprang from his bed and rushed to the fireplace. Yes, there hung his stocking full and running over, and the table nearer by was loaded with gifts.

And, if you were to argue forever, you could never make Jack believe that there

## CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST.



It is Christmas in the forest, where softly falling snow  
Seems to touch with benediction the waiting earth below.  
The long, slim fingers of the wind upon the barren trees

Play Nature's Alleluia in a multitude of ways.  
And hark and beat they wake alike to join a common note  
And swell the reverent carol which wells up from Nature's throat.

There is worship in the woods, though the paths be yet untrod,  
When all the world goes joying at the birthday of its God.  
—Ernest H. Brodique.

There is no Santa Claus or such things as fairies.

"I know better," he says, with a decided shake of his curly head, "I know better, for I've seen them."

A New Year's Eve Adventure.

Ten years ago, writes a correspondent, I went with my friend, Ned Provost, into the mountains of Northeastern Pennsylvania to hunt. It was December 30, and the region being wild, we found that we must spend our New Year's day in the woods. At a deserted lumber camp we came to a log shanty that was half full of meadow hay, and here we determined to spend the night. It took us but a short time to get the place into a comfortable condition, and we were soon sitting around the fire that we had built, enjoying our pipes and talking, while the three dogs lay on the floor beside us. It was about 10 o'clock when we heard a noise outside. It was a low howl, and instinctively we knew that we were about to receive a visit from timber wolves, than which, when many of them are together, there is no more dangerous foe. Jumping up and glancing out of the one window in the shanty we could see away in the distance—for it was a clear moonlight night—an immense pack of animals approaching. The dogs, too, heard the sound, and before we could prevent it two of them escaped, but the other one we caught just as he was about to crawl out.

In a very minute the wolves had reached the shanty, and the dogs which had gone out to fight them were dead almost before we knew it. Taking my gun, I stationed myself at the window and awaited developments. During the day we had killed a fox, and its body now lay outside of the shanty on the ground. Sooner than I could get it, and more, I lay down after building up the fire. How long I slept I cannot say, but was awakened by the howling of the dog and Provost crying out:

"Look out! There's a wolf in the shanty!"

Sure enough, our dog had caught him crawling through the hole and was fighting bravely. We could not shoot; the dog was getting the worst of it, and more, in the scurrying a bunch of hay was kicked in the fire and the place was ablaze. Fortunately Provost got hold of the hand-axe, and, just in time to save our dog, split the wolf's head open, but from a snap from the brute he had the little finger of his left hand taken off. I had succeeded in putting out the fire and could look around. The dog was moan-

ing with a big wound in the throat. Provost swearing, and I was amazed at the size of the wolf. He was quite as large as a Newfoundland dog, with teeth three inches long. It was evident that we were fairly besieged, and from the window could see at least a dozen brutes that were excited by the smell of the blood. I killed two and Provost one, while we must have wounded five more. It was a long, weary night. The wolves never left the shanty, but hung around it or slunk into the woods near by. Just before daylight a rush was made from the outside, and I killed the leader with his head and front legs inside the cabin. When day broke, with one long howl they left.

## A BEAR'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The Dude Was Not Warned by Word of Man or Growls of Beast.

It was Christmas Eve in Moscow, and every one was busily preparing for the great festival of the next day, when a tall man, so muffled in a thick sheepskin frock that he might almost have been mistaken for a woolpack, came tramping over the crisp snow past the red, many-turreted wall of the Kremlin, leading after him by a chain a huge brown bear, which plodded gravely at his heels without taking any notice of the admiring stares and pointing fingers of the countless groups that eddied carelessly to and fro through the "Krasnaya Ploshchad" (Red Plain).

"Hello, brother," cried a stout, red-faced, blue-frocked izvoshtchik (hackman), who was driving slowly past in search of a fare. "Where are you going with Meesha?" (i. e., Michael, the Russian nickname for a bear).

## RICH, BUT STOLE A SAUSAGE.

A Queer Case of Kleptomania Recently Brought to Light in Paris.

We all have heard in our lives of kleptomania, but I do not think that any one ever really believed in it, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. We know vaguely that a man who steals whole railroads and dies a millionaire is a great financier, and we also know that a man who steals a loaf of bread to save his family from starvation is a thief and goes to jail, but it is hard to realize that there are people who steal trifles simply from a species of insanity. Yet a shining example of this has just come to light in Paris. The lady, whose name for obvious reasons it is as well not to mention, is a well-known figure in Paris society.

She is extremely handsome and dresses superbly, but is never seen in public alone. Some member of her family always accompanies her and never leaves her side for an instant, although a married woman over thirty does not usually require such minute chaperonage. She is a very charming woman and a very brilliant conversationalist and is most deservedly popular here. The horror of her friends may be guessed when she was arrested yesterday on the Faubourg Montmartre for stealing a sausage, valued at 8 cents, from the front of a grocery. The grocer promptly had her arrested, and on searching her they found some potatoes, some eggs, an opera glass, a photograph of Carnot, a coffee cup and saucer and a spoon, and also, unhappily, her card case, giving her full name and address, the only thing that was legally her property, as the other articles were claimed by their rightful owners, from whom she had annexed them. The family were sent for, and by paying for the stolen objects were able to release their poor relative, who sat weeping bitterly. It seems that this irresistible impulse to appropriate other people's goods is periodic. She is perfectly sane in other respects, but one never knows when this mania will seize her, and that is the reason of her being constantly watched. This is the first time she has ever been taken into custody, and the family feel the disgrace so keenly that society bids fair to be deprived of the poor empress's presence this winter, as they mean to take her into the country until the whole affair has blown over.

They Had a Fine Dinner.

Mrs. Annie Thackeray Ritchie writes of the visit of herself, her father and others of the family to Rome:

About luncheon time my father sent us down to the pastry cook's shop, where we revolved among cream tarts and petits fours, and then we ordered our dinner, as people did then, from a trattoria near at hand. Then we went out again, still in our raptures, and when dinner time came, just about sunset, excitement had given us good appetites, notwithstanding the tarts.

We were ready, but dinner delayed. We waited more and more impatiently as the evening advanced, but still no dinner appeared. Then the English servant, Charles, was called and dispatched to the cook's shop to make inquiry. He came back much agitated, saying the dinner had been sent—that they had assured him that it had been sent. It had apparently vanished on its way up the old palace stairs. "Go back," said my father, "and tell me there is some mistake, and that we are very hungry and waiting still."

The man left the room, then returned again, with a doubtful look. "There was a sort of box came an hour ago," he said. "I have not opened it, sir."

With a rush my sister flew into the hall, and there, sure enough, stood a square, solid iron box with a hinged top. It certainly looked very unlike dinner, but we raised it with some faint hopes, which were not disappointed. Inside, and smoking still up on the hot plates, was spread a meal like something in a fairy tale—roast birds and dressed meat, a loaf of brown bread and composes of fruit, and a salad and a bottle of wine, to which good fare we immediately set down in cheerful excitement—our first Roman family meal together.—St. Louis Republic.

A Train Carried Off.

One of the liveliest places in East Buffalo nowadays is in the north yard of the New York Central, where the old cars are broken up, says the Buffalo Express. The road weeds out its old cars periodically, and instead of taking the trouble of breaking up the cars and burning the wood, the cars are placed on side tracks and the Poles in the neighborhood are invited to help themselves to the wood, with the provision that none of the iron shall be taken. Yesterday morning nearly 100 cars were placed on the tracks, and by evening there was left a mass of trucks and iron that will go back to the shop for use in other cars. People of all sizes, sex and conditions were busy through the day with saws, hammers and axes laying away firewood for the winter. Much of the timber was carted away in wagons and wheelbarrows, while those not fortunate enough to own a conveyance carried it on their backs. When darkness fell upon the scene last evening there was hardly enough timber left of the cars to make a fair-sized bonfire.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A well-known brilliant entertainer, who has just returned from a five years' tour in South Pacific seas, says the Melbourne Argus, has many amusing tales to tell, among which is the following:

"I was ordering my advertisement in a Melbourne daily newspaper office one day," said the narrator, "when a tall, lanky countryman walked in and said he wanted an 'In Memoriam' notice in the obituary column of the paper.

"My old gunner died a year ago," he explained, "and I should like a bit of poetry in the paper about him."

"All right," answered the clerk. "Have you brought it with you?"

"No," said the rustic. "Can't you fix me up a bit?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk. "Our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is 6 shillings an inch."

"A look of intense amazement passed over the countryman's face.

"Good gracious!" he cried as he made for the door. "I can't afford that my gunner was 6 feet high."

Of course this is not pleasant, but New York is experiencing a snow-storm. Sweet is better than snow-balls.

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